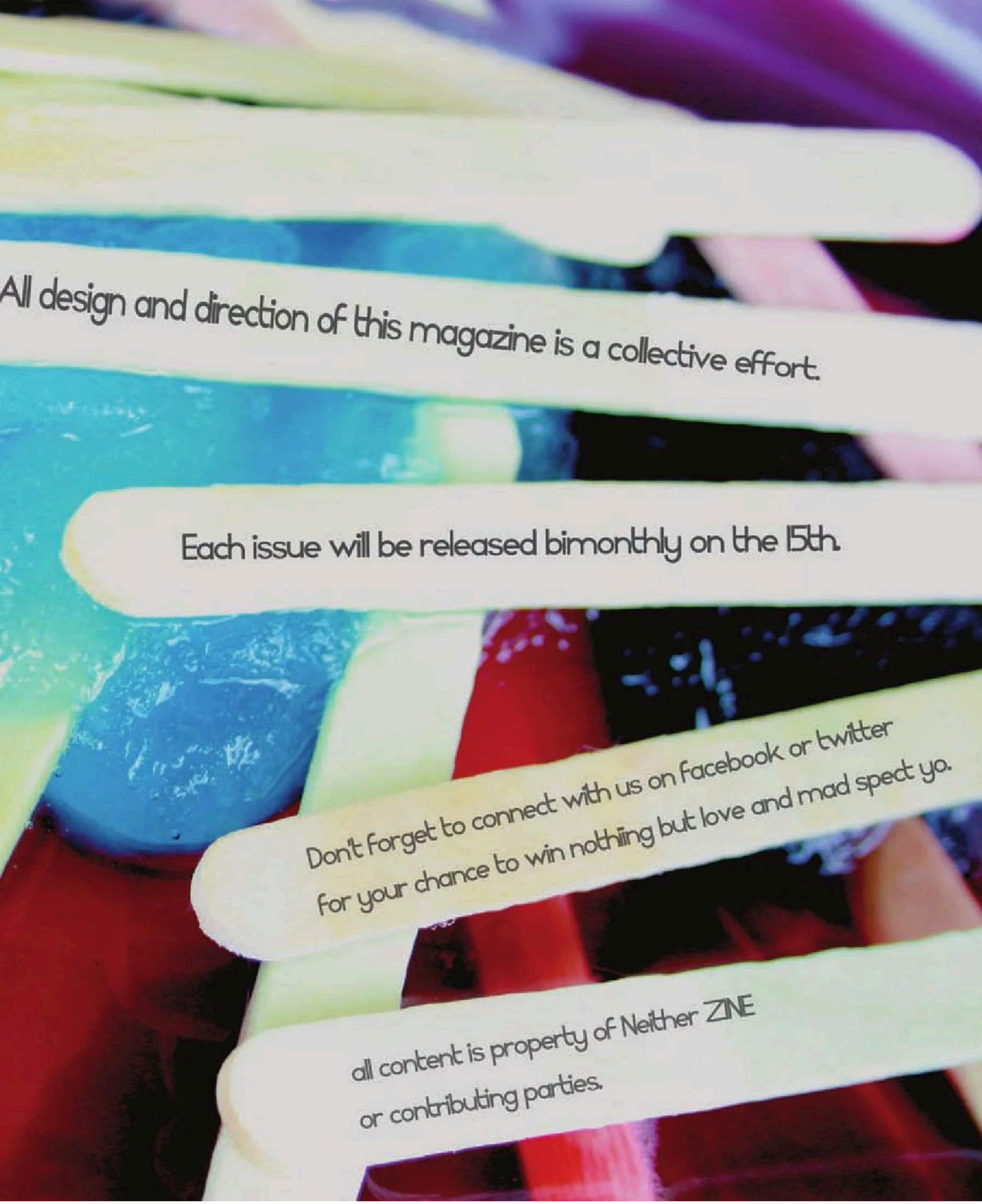
NEITHER
ZINE



All design and direction of this magazine is a collective effort.

Each issue will be released bimonthly on the 15th.

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for your chance to win nothiing but love and mad spect yo.

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Neither ZINE

this issue

... is based on exploration without direction. When I decided to start this my intentions were to soley step foot into the playground and wander. I had no idea what I wanted to create or how I would go about any of this but after gathering ideas and content I am slowly realizing exactly what I want to achieve. So to get this out of the way and answer any questions you might have:

What is Neither ZINE?
It's an online magazine about stuff. All kinds and only time will tell what we do with each issue.

What can Neither ZINE offer me?
Nothing really. We want you to actually read things instead of just skimming through it like most of us do, myself included. So basically you have to do the work after we have gone out of our comfot zone. (Even if you read it and have no idea what it is about, life is art and words are poetry.) So we can only offer you our perspective and the views of the people we meet. We can also offer you a platform to contribute any form of self expression. That is our only goal. To showcase, create and meet new people.

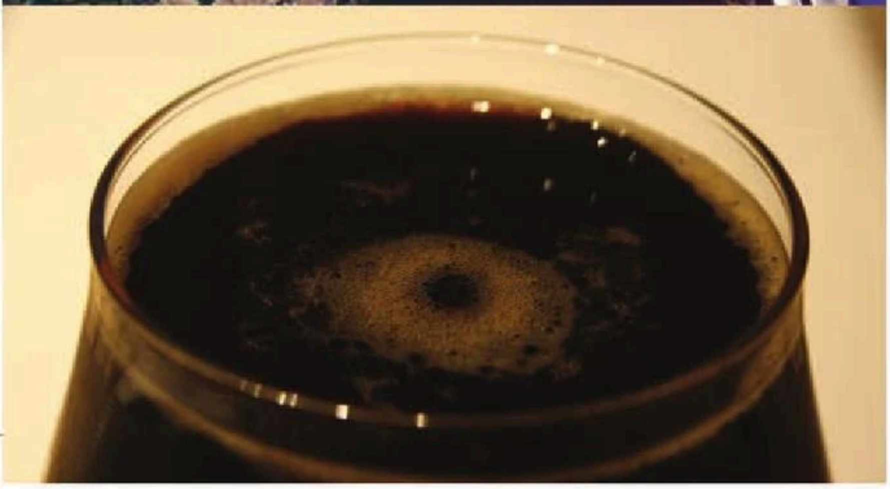
What can I find in this issue?
First off I introduced my version of a music section. Just a few bands to check out while you read through the zine.
We sat down with abstract oil painter, Jeff Robinson, for an interview, photos, drunken conversation, and stuffed peppers. Thanks Christy!
Talented photographer Bradley Youngberg sent me some of his photos that I accompanied with some words by D.B.
I went down to Wynwood to meet up with TREKSIX and HECONE to take some photo's of their collaboration at the Armory Studios.
Another really talented photographer and manipulator Francesco Sambo allowed us to show his dark photography.

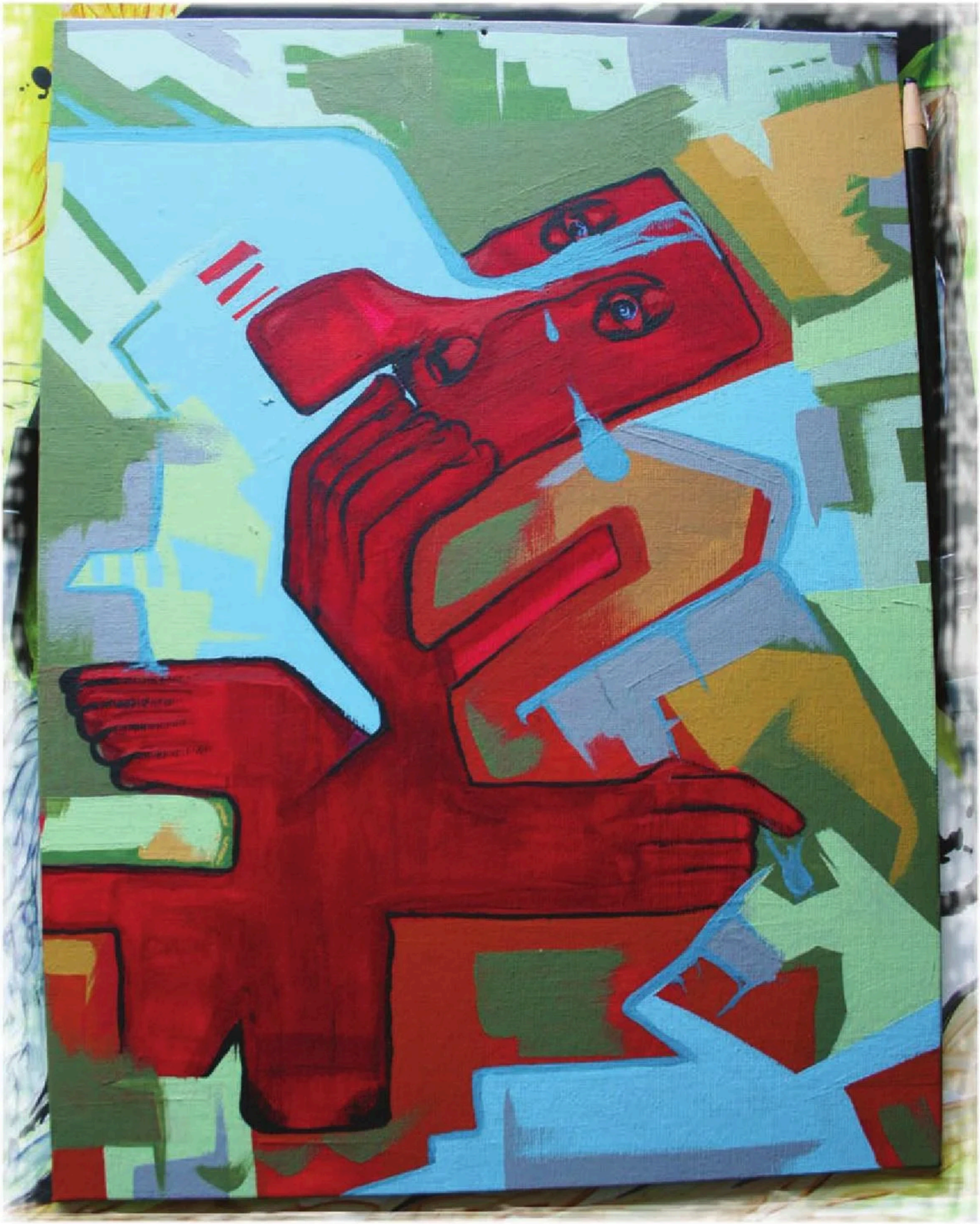
"I'm the cyst mixed with existence. part 1 of 2" This is what I got when I asked close friend and musician C. W Aschbrenner. to write a story about a Stanley Romanek talk he had attended recently. Instead of a boring retelling or debate he wrote a mouthful of a story, with the cadence of an angry poetic rant, which touched on his own opinion, self doubt and perception.

For this Feed Your Friends Autumn made baked mac and cheese with chicken. She also made red wine salmon, roasted thyme potatoes and cinnamon carrots.

B's and Q's:
Smuttynose's Robust porter

-Keep turning pages to see the rest for yourself...





We either follow ourselves or follow others. There is absolutely no choice but to follow. All has been done while so much remains ignored. Speaking within my own arm's reach or pouring myself over the entirety of this dirt; my guilt bled through my skin long ago, puddling around my torn shoes, creating a disfigured sense of self worth until I finally stepped away and began to somewhat understand myself better. Inspiration was always a fine line to me, condemning myself for not allowing my true creativity to ever really be translated into the many expressions I have always enjoyed. It was when I realized that I had always felt constrained to a guide line that I had set for myself for an extremely frustrating and unknown reason. Which resulted in never allowing myself to actually feel satisfied with anything I was doing at the time and to this day. My progression had been stunted because of my own perceptions of what I should have been doing.

I speak of progression a lot because I feel its worth is lost in our undeniable ability to expect immediate response and reaction. While most dream of becoming an entirely different person, those same people would never commit to their own attractions or urges to take those first steps toward their dreams, because most of our urges would compromise any chance of maintaining a steady course along the road to financial security. No swift veers off the side of the road to go play pretend, becoming part of something beyond our own comprehension-absolutely not. This mentality is driven by our nurtured upbringing into this world, our own parents and teachers have deliberately been forcing these justifications and morals into our small, throbbing, pale brains. In their agenda's you could find once legible scribbles that dated back to their own beginning. An archaic to do list that should have been known throughout everyone's lives, human beings should always follow what they believe is the right way to go about their own path. Whether believed to be right or wrong by others, as individuals we have the inherent ability and right to create anything we want by following our instincts that we lose early in our lives: to help others and ourselves find the road to gratification and a meaningful existence.

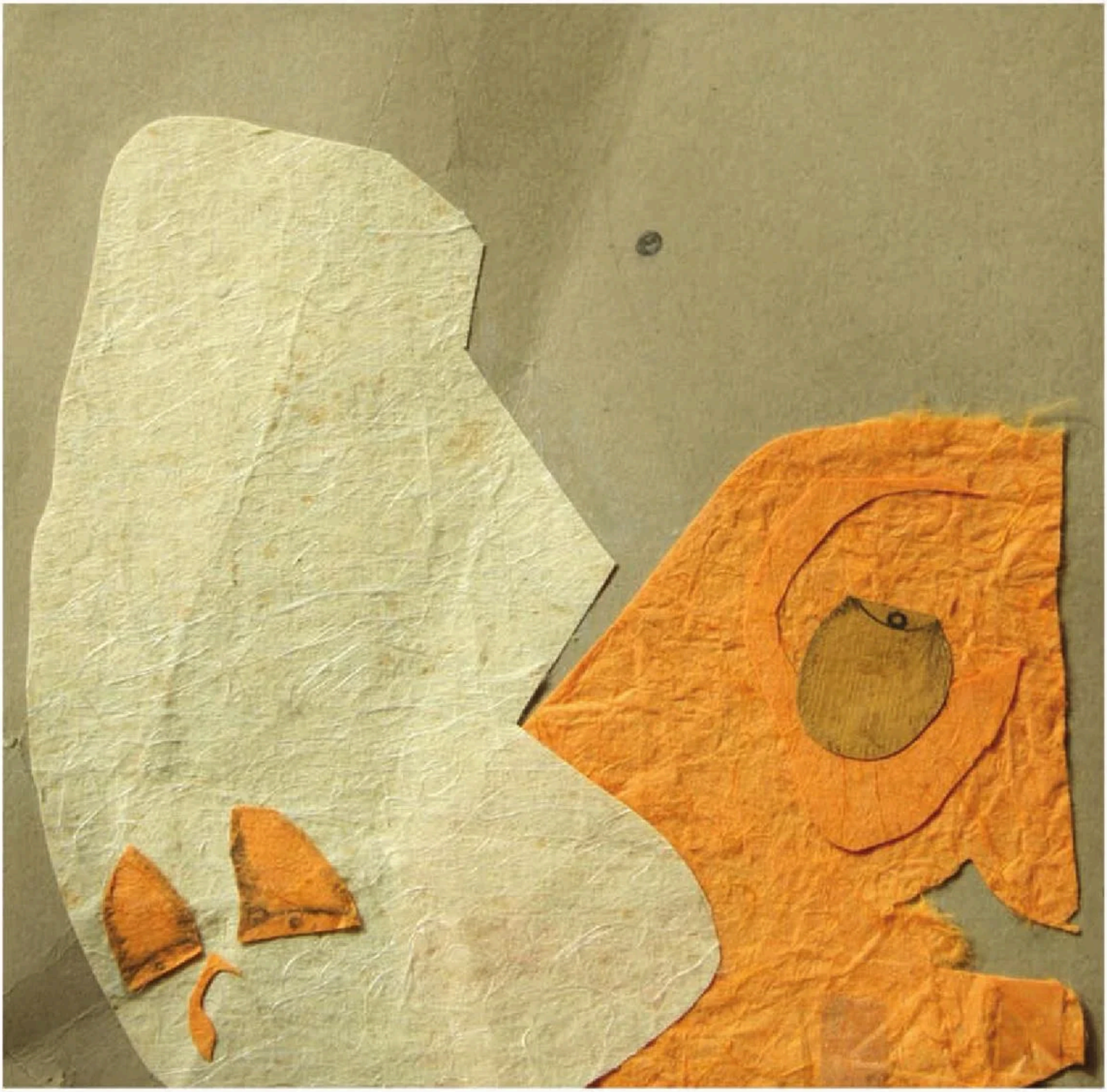
Why was I not taught the importance of a self sustaining lifestyle or other true life lessons by my peers and the adults that were trying to shape the "man" I would one day become? Simple and life changing lessons that could have maybe given that same dirt we all share or that green paper that is linked to our debit cards, a chance to survive and grow in a positive way.

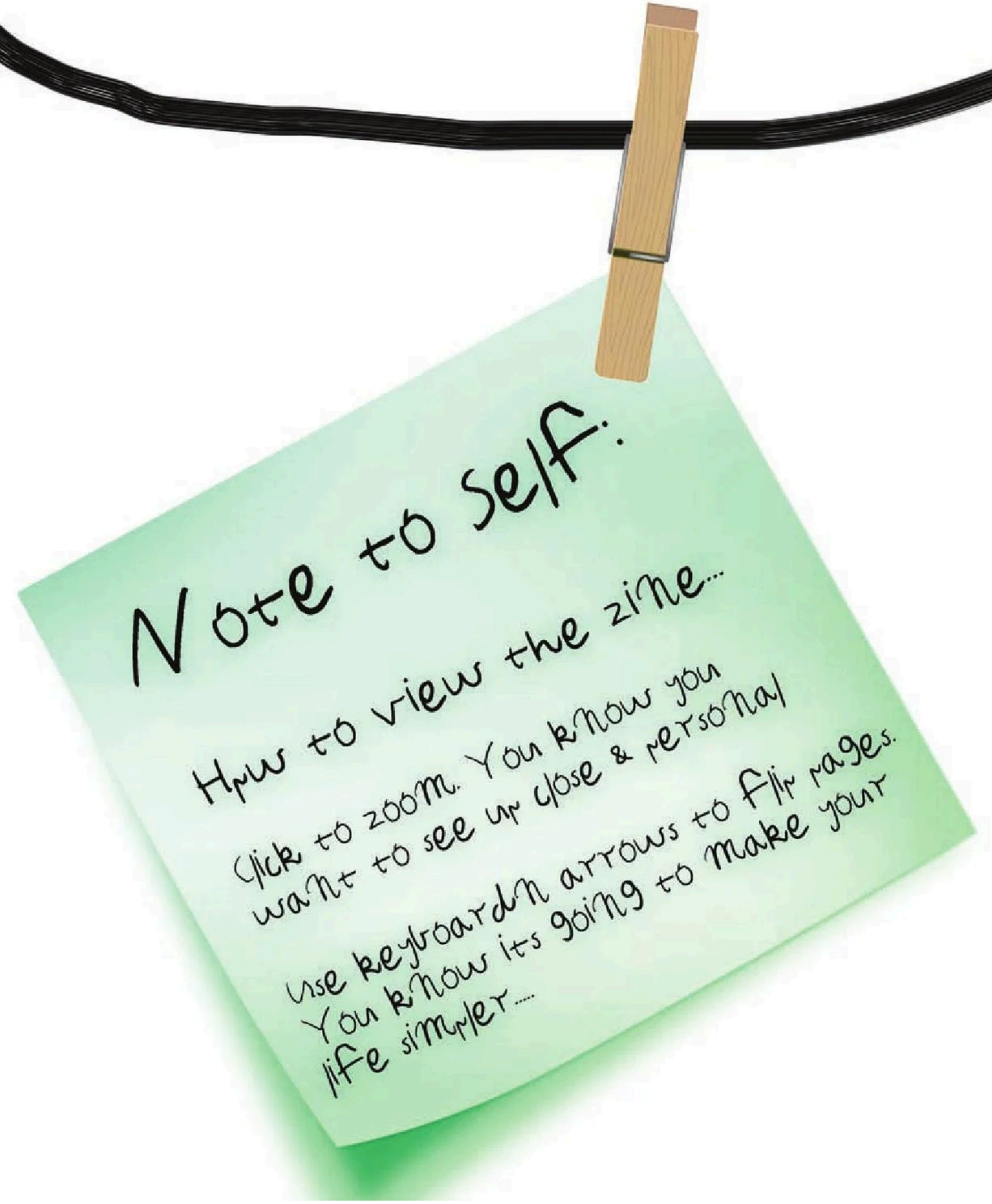
I was encouraged to become "someone", but that someone was not the same person I felt I needed strive to become. Although, my bank account and ego would be bulging at the seams if I had taken that advice. Or maybe, my happiness could be bought with material things that make breathing the only responsibility I would have to carry on my shoulders, stopping only to suck up fine wine and gourmet cheese through straws attached directly under my teeth. Making sure to drive my luxury car to the dentist, every three weeks exactly to bleach and polish my perfect elongated ivory teeth.

Feeling sickened by the idea of hating my job and life for the rest of my life, I ended up working a monotonous job that I hate for meager pay and growing thoughtless qualities like a small tumor that was hidden under my appointed visor.
Maybe I will create the life that I use to lure my conscious thoughts into submission every night, under the hypnotizing comfort of a $3 pillow and blanket. Falling asleep in seconds to the thought of enjoying my mornings and working from home. Becoming fully involved in my own ideas and ambitions with a true sense of satisfaction throughout the process instead of only outcome. Without forcing motivation or will. The thoughts flood my brain every night and spill onto every morning as I wake up to the realization that the direction I was heading all these years could have been increasingly productive if I had taken the right measures.

Priorities, priorities, priorities...

Kolby





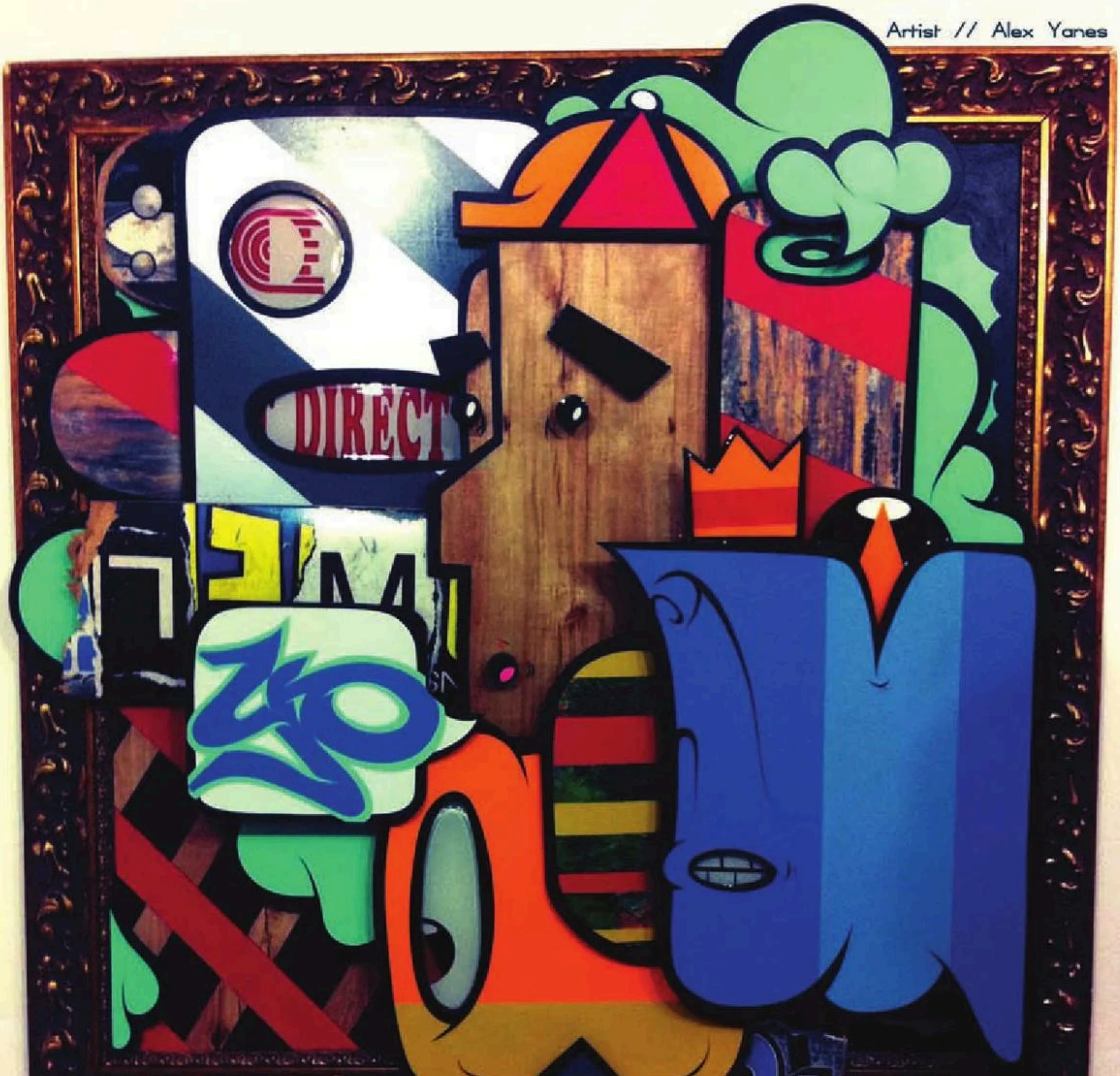
Note to self:

How to view the zine...

Click to zoom. You know you
want to see up close & personal

Use keyboard arrows to flip pages.
You know its going to make your
life simpler....

Artist // Alex Yanes



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MUSIC

Less of a music review and more of a musical nudge.

Chris Joss

Chris Joss presents
Monomaniacs
Volume 1

Chris Joss is a french self taught multi-instrumentalist and studio producer. Monomaniacs Volume 1 is a dusty funk compilation-though every song was written and played by Joss himself aside from the vibraphone which Alexander von Mehren played-the worldy flavor of this album is rephreshing and alive. Every song brings a head bobbing burst of percussion, jazzy, soulful organs, wahed out guitars, deep fuzzy bass and sometimes the star.

Songs like "Backbeating" and "Highway 75" keep you on your toes and could easily be synched to some car chase with the fuzz trailing close. If you don't really like funk, I would definetly suggest giving this album a listen. It's really well produced and stays away from that cheesy side of the funk spectrum.

This album is always on, along with my purple hat and matching robe.

robotobibok

robotobibok...
instytut las

A diverse progressive nu-jazz band from Poland that formed in 1998. Their album "instytut las" starts out like a score from a 70's sci -fi horror flick, and keeps with the theme throughout Starting with a creepy, desolate, electronic, desert atmosphere right before the fast upright bass kicks in. Soon the saxophone screams and everything falls into place as the reverbed slide guitars keep you tranced. The album wears on and you'll find yourself trotting along to so many different ryhthms, yet always in a dark wet place. A lot of diferent instruments penetrate through the songs but personaly the horns made me wish I could walk out on to the street and hear the drifting beats from a peice of shit clam of a jazz lounge located in every city-harboring genuine pearls of real musicians. If only.

Until then check them out or better yet buy their music and trust your money with a shithead like me.

Listen to either of these albums while checking out this issue.

Francesco Sambo

Francesco Sambo's photography really grabbed my attention. His contorted photos bring you into his dark, surreal world. The lack of personal information on his website left me with bubbling thoughts that boiled over with every click. Without much more explanation I suggest that you visit his playful website and go through all of the intriguing content, especially the videos like, "my red sofa."

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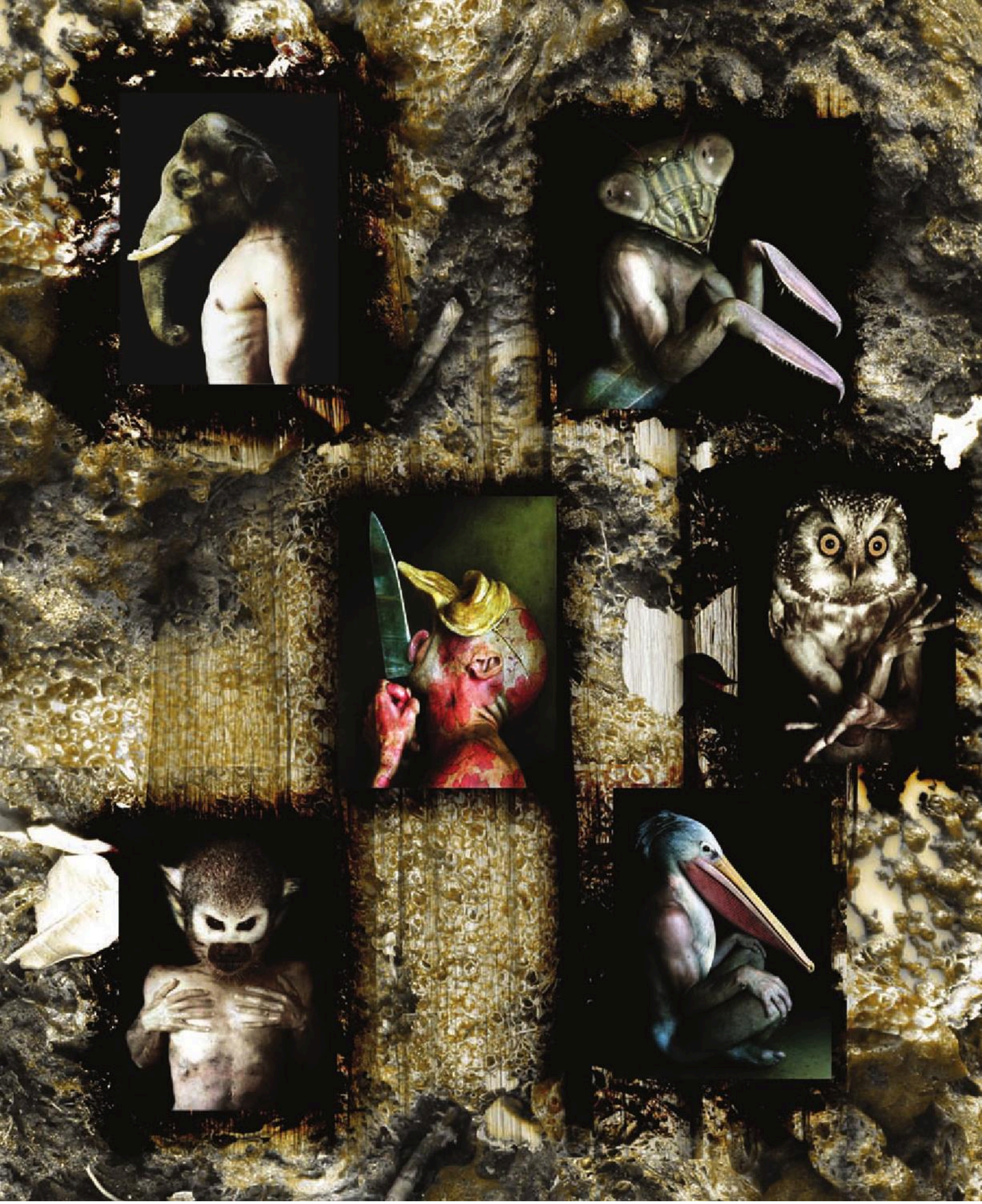
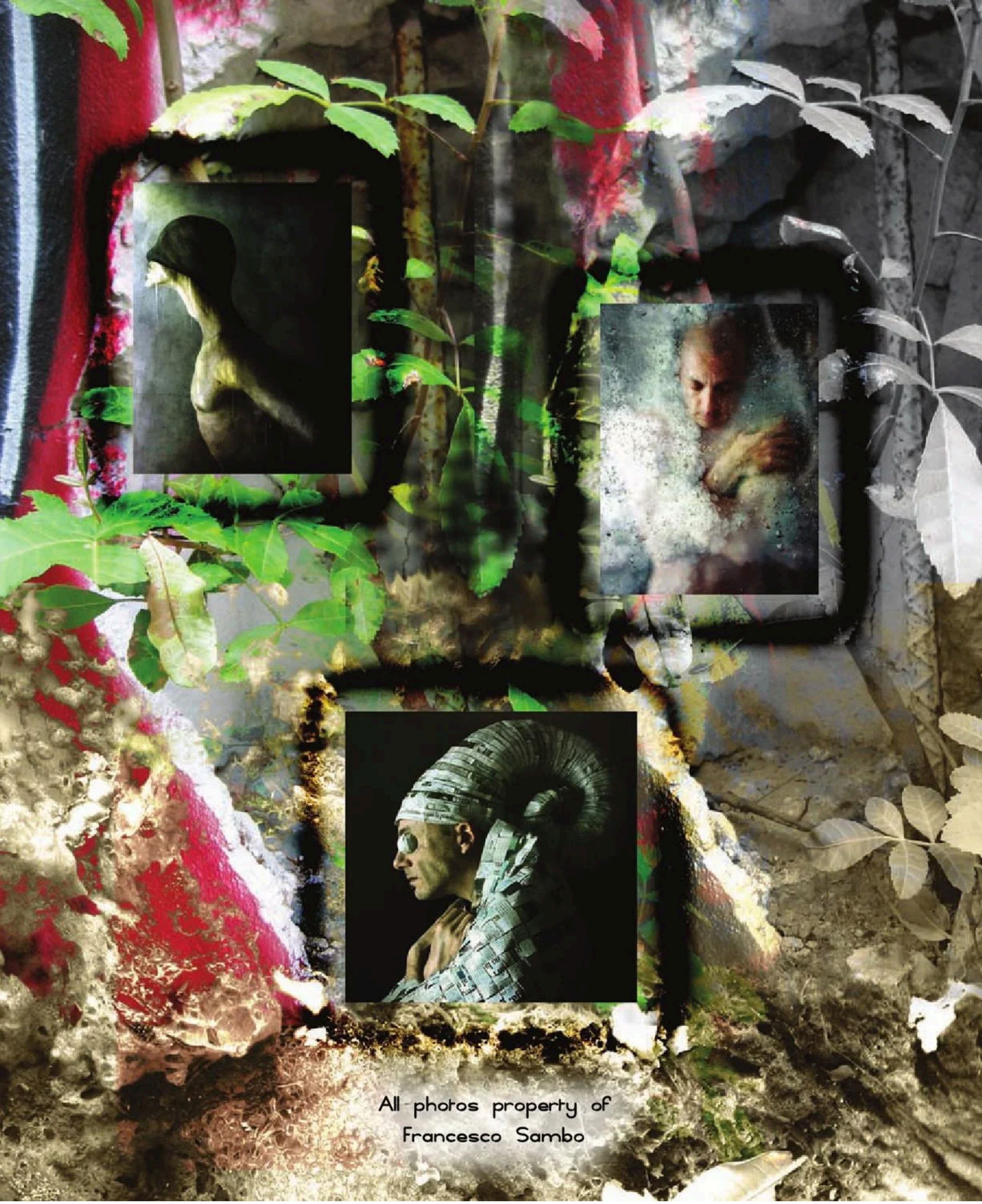




All photos property of
Francesco Sambo

Photography by Brad R. Youngberg and words by D.B.

~~Heads Up~~

The inconsequential beauty
Of the butterfly
As it floats serenely
Into the grill
Of a two-ton block
Of fast moving machinery.

~~Turf~~

They slice up the green skin and roll it up
Ship it off
To somewhere they've destroyed.
Big brown earth-sores
Interlaced with concrete ribbons
Strangling Her with masochistic pleasure
And capitalistic abandon.
She recovers with a vengeance
Creep
Crawl
Grow
Up the fences and down the alleys
Under the fake-earth and over the roofs
She will recover
Gaia is immortal.

~~Politicians~~

When freedom is a choice
Between the truth and the wallet
Which will they choose?

~~Rich~~

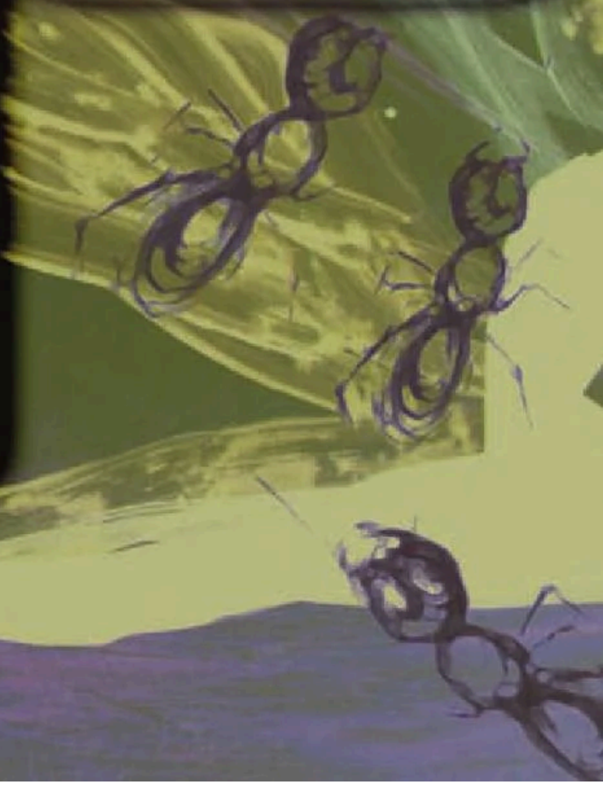
Eat your cash -
how does it taste?
Burn your cash -
does it keep you warm?
Love your cash -
are you loved?

~~Knowing~~

There is no knowledge,
But self-knowledge.
There is no pain,
But the sacrifice of self-knowledge.
And all you can ever know
Is that you know nothing.

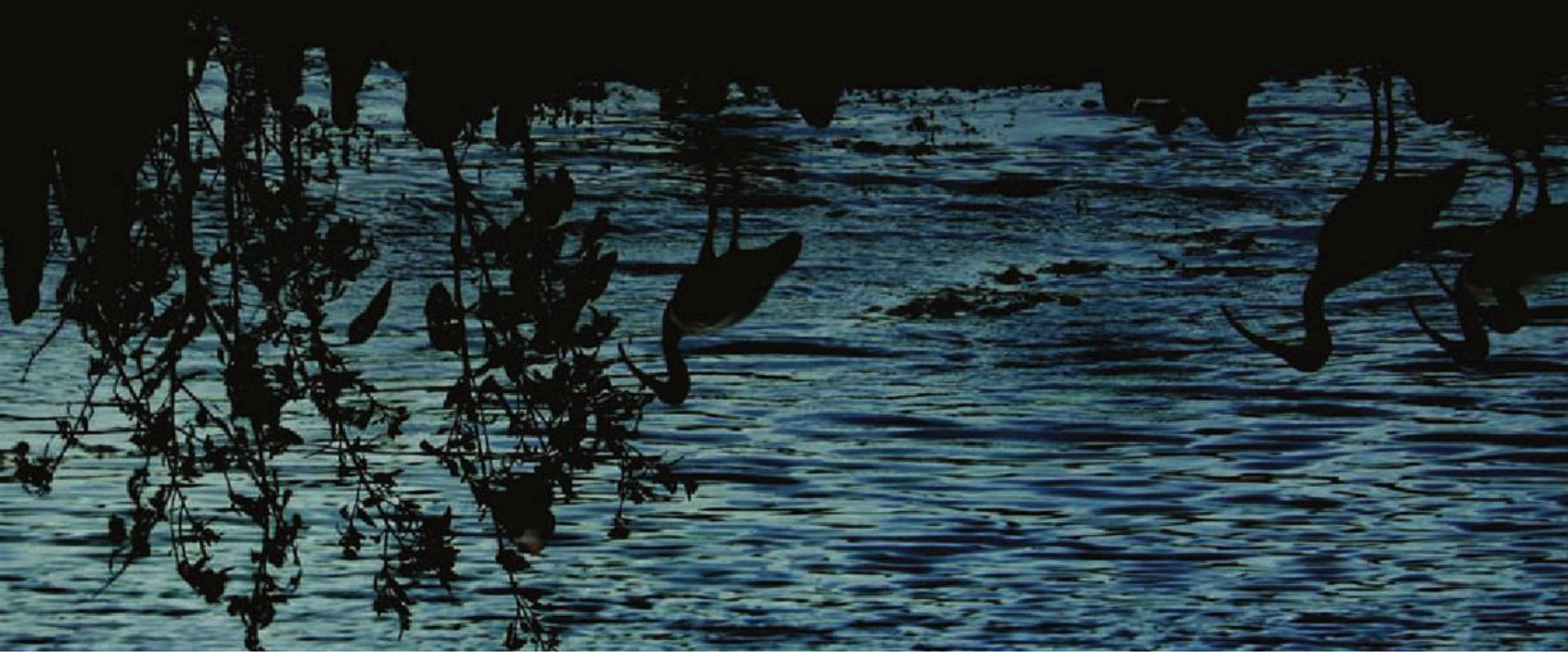
~~Alphabet~~

Watch these innocent ants
a
s they
c
r
a
w
l
across
t
h
e e...
g
a
p
What magic has imbued their power?
Expressions of the mind
But not the soul.
Can you feel them crawling into your head?
Mundane characters of magnificent knowledge.
Indiscriminate carriers of truth and lie.
Keepers of law
Guiders of faith
Recorders of time.
You are the blindfold that helps man see.



Everglades GAT
LAN

Brad R. Youngberg   www.bradleyphoto.com



neiTher
merica
neiTher

I AM THE CYST MIXED WITH EXISTENCE

PART 1 OF 2

BY // C. W. ASCHBRENNER

For an open discussion. Please direct focus, and denounce your pressure.

A familiar feeling mixes with the air and forms a tent of unsure emotion while walking into the medium sized conference room after dropping twenty-two dollars for admittance. This is a Baptist church of mind control made into flesh. The housing for gullible folk seeking answers from a voice other than the one inside themselves. The atmosphere is dim, and a projection screen shares very defined colorful art depicting the solar system from an earth beings point of view witnessing catastrophic triumph. An intense future unaware of heaven. I would have to say these images were top rank visibly, and most illuminating of all information mediums presented during this conference.

The event began about thirty minutes later than scheduled. Six p.m. to be exact. Myself, in mental haste, as well as my accomplice of level headed caliber were already corrupted within reality due to the intense dip of trunk whiskey, and the confident inhalant of an old friend. Swirls of contempt souls cloud the perimeter, and like I said a moment ago the "vibe" within this square of worship was bizarre with hope. "high strangeness" is a good term, and a consistent term Mr. Romanek would later use defining his own encounter with a bewildering culture of beings.

A grapple with comfort it was to stand inventive and discover a claim of view. Skimming the floor for a seat reasonable with vision, I felt uneasy. The head change being the obvious of course. I also felt an ability, I assume, one capable of lifting reality's veil would hold. Maybe we as humans are part property, and part free. Free for thought if the inside wills it. This man has followers just as fanatical as one addicted to licorice. Intrigued by flavor, and anxious to feed such flavor to the masses. I sat content throughout the conference.

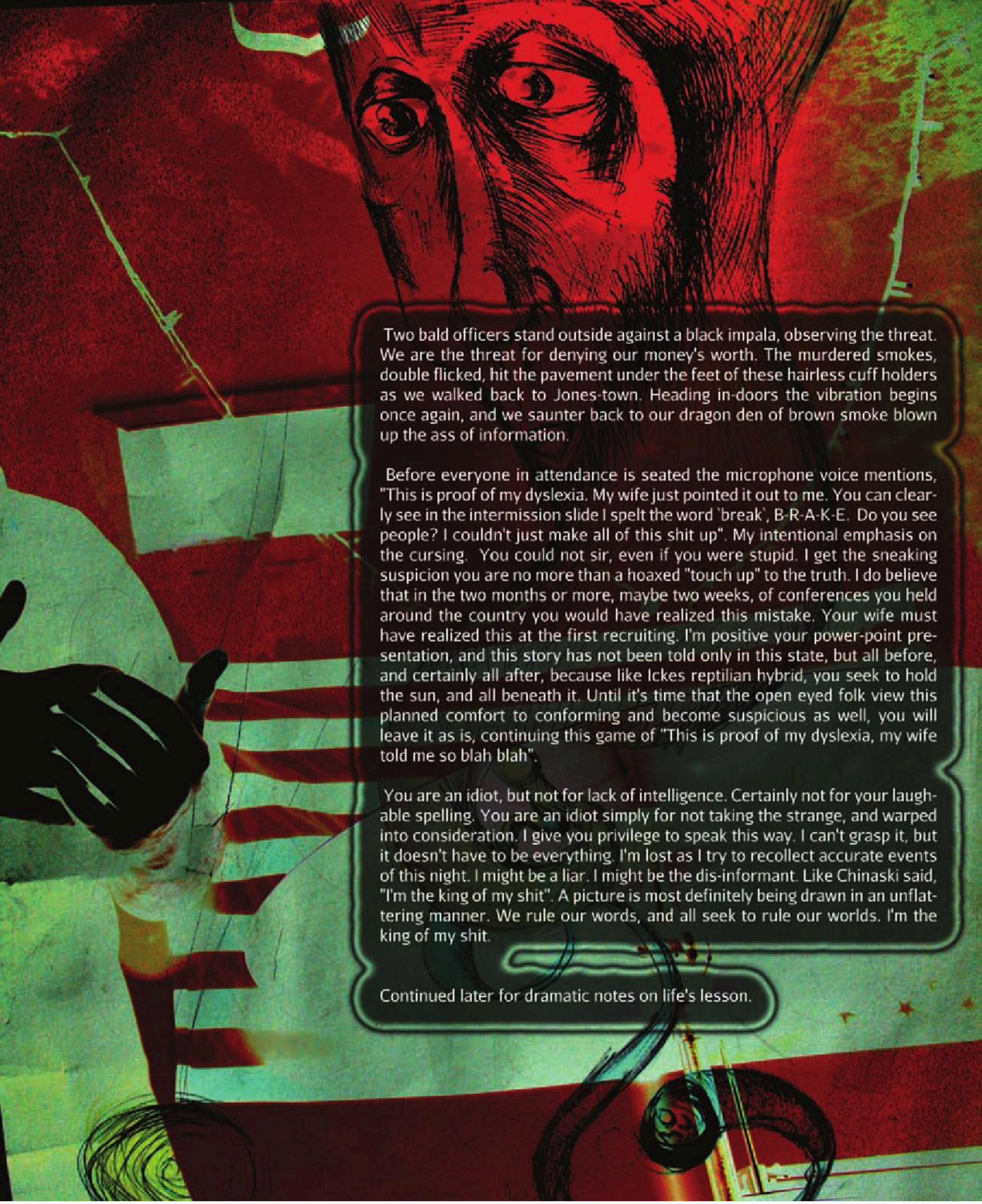
In my mind I played out a constant scenario where I spoke aloud against every acknowledged flaw. This is not the reality, although the blatant truth presented itself within the light of the room. The accomplice and I sat neutral with open ears, and judging eyes because this is interesting. Among his first forty to Fifty minutes of the four hour event I found to be convincing and conceptually possible. Possible with mental Lincoln logs, but physical jelly is just too powerful for our sight.

From the beginning this man presented a stealth exposure of personality to his audience. Constantly, and purposely he exposed his dyslexia, yet complemented his I.Q. "elsewhere". His first bundle of questionable images were the perfect bits of opening evidence for the counter-culture case. A bomb this object of mass intuition created. Unfortunately we are subject to popular belief, and as sheep we pay a being such as our conference's worshipful master. In a series of twelve hundred different thoughts, every odd perception of this spectrum would focus on the crowd I sat among. So many syncopated voices flooding the mirage floor. Commenting on every motion the presentation and speaker would will. I become less inebriated , and more aware! Romanek shared an image of a flying object made of six spheres, all rotating with the mechanical innards of a clock. The alien vessel was glowing red and orange patterns similar to its physical structure. I can appreciate these images for the simple fact that I would like to believe ANY evidence of celestial life among a gathering of people, not one unique Houdini.

This man brought forth a good opening argument to a table that held his own, Chef Romanek, priced public multi-course meal. It was evident, though a possible ruse, our speaker had minute dominance over a crowd of outcasts, fantasy freaks, fellow liars, schizophrenics, hipsters, thugs, ruffians, mamas boys, couples formed out of on-line dating services, children, amputees, thalidomide children, young journalists, master liars, master keys, the mentally challenged, the hungry, the deaf, the mentally deaf, the depressed, the intellectually supreme, law enforcement, criminals, and law criminals.

We all heed the message, but I and my equally discouraged left side soak the facade permanently to the carpeted floor. I smell bullshit on our misinformed matador twirling the red flag when it should be bleached surrender white. Entering the end of a growing silence we reach the first intermission after viewing flying children's toys, sketches of lizards, photographs of glowing wounds, bloody noses, sedated sisters, group sightings, and telepathic communication of cataclysmic justice served. The one particular slide of the poor power point read " Let's take a ten minute brake".

The trip outside was a breath of used air. Enough time for tobacco and a hard quaff of the hot syrup. What is going on? I can't form the questions I feel at this point. That room is very lucid with the snake of thought sliding beneath the chairs of the fragile mind. The penetrable mind.



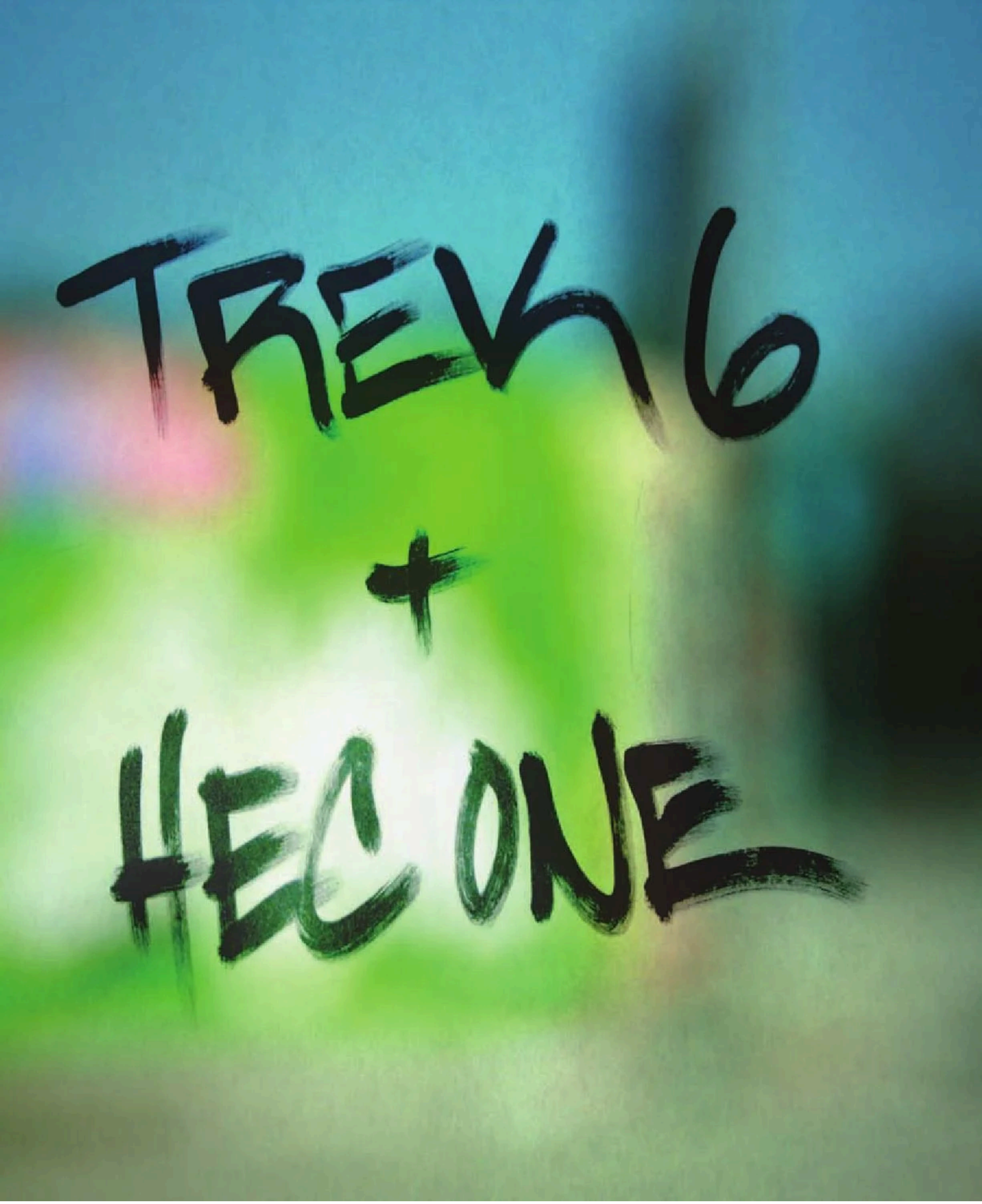
Two bald officers stand outside against a black impala, observing the threat. We are the threat for denying our money's worth. The murdered smokes, double flicked, hit the pavement under the feet of these hairless cuff holders as we walked back to Jones-town. Heading in-doors the vibration begins once again, and we saunter back to our dragon den of brown smoke blown up the ass of information.

Before everyone in attendance is seated the microphone voice mentions, "This is proof of my dyslexia. My wife just pointed it out to me. You can clearly see in the intermission slide I spelt the word `break', B-R-A-K-E. Do you see people? I couldn't just make all of this shit up". My intentional emphasis on the cursing. You could not sir, even if you were stupid. I get the sneaking suspicion you are no more than a hoaxed "touch up" to the truth. I do believe that in the two months or more, maybe two weeks, of conferences you held around the country you would have realized this mistake. Your wife must have realized this at the first recruiting. I'm positive your power-point presentation, and this story has not been told only in this state, but all before, and certainly all after, because like Ickes reptilian hybrid, you seek to hold the sun, and all beneath it. Until it's time that the open eyed folk view this planned comfort to conforming and become suspicious as well, you will leave it as is, continuing this game of "This is proof of my dyslexia, my wife told me so blah blah".

You are an idiot, but not for lack of intelligence. Certainly not for your laughable spelling. You are an idiot simply for not taking the strange, and warped into consideration. I give you privilege to speak this way. I can't grasp it, but it doesn't have to be everything. I'm lost as I try to recollect accurate events of this night. I might be a liar. I might be the dis-informant. Like Chinaski said, "I'm the king of my shit". A picture is most definitely being drawn in an unflattering manner. We rule our words, and all seek to rule our worlds. I'm the king of my shit.

Continued later for dramatic notes on life's lesson.

Mural at the
Armory Studios
// Wynwood


TREK6
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THE
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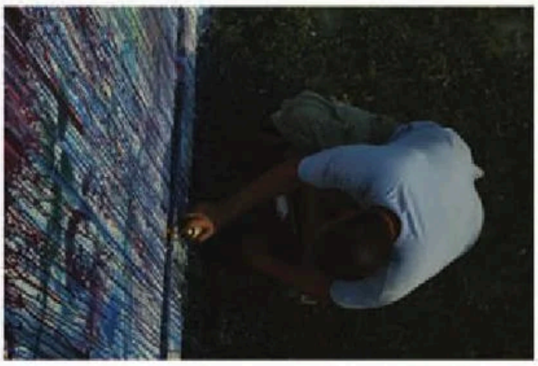
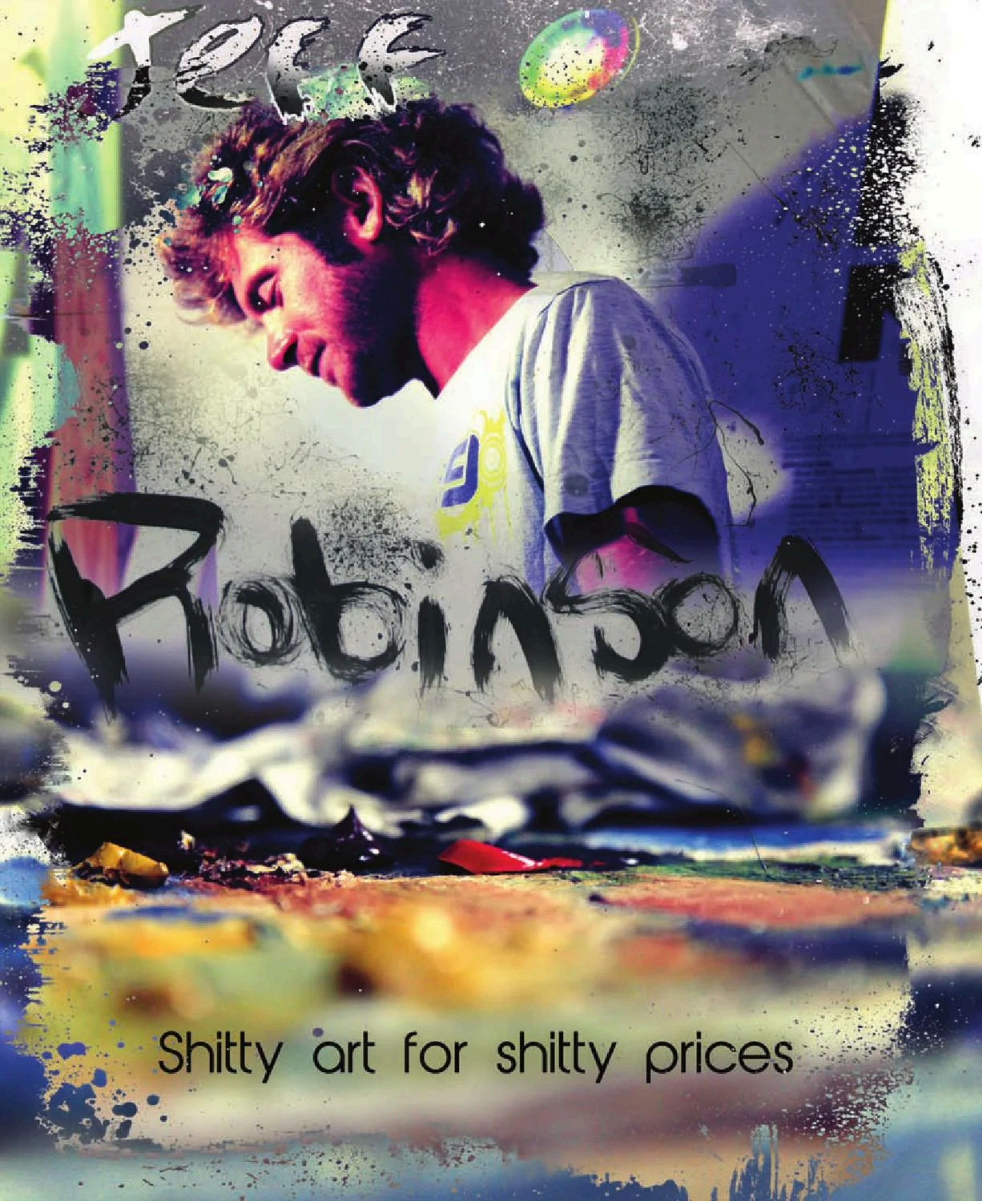
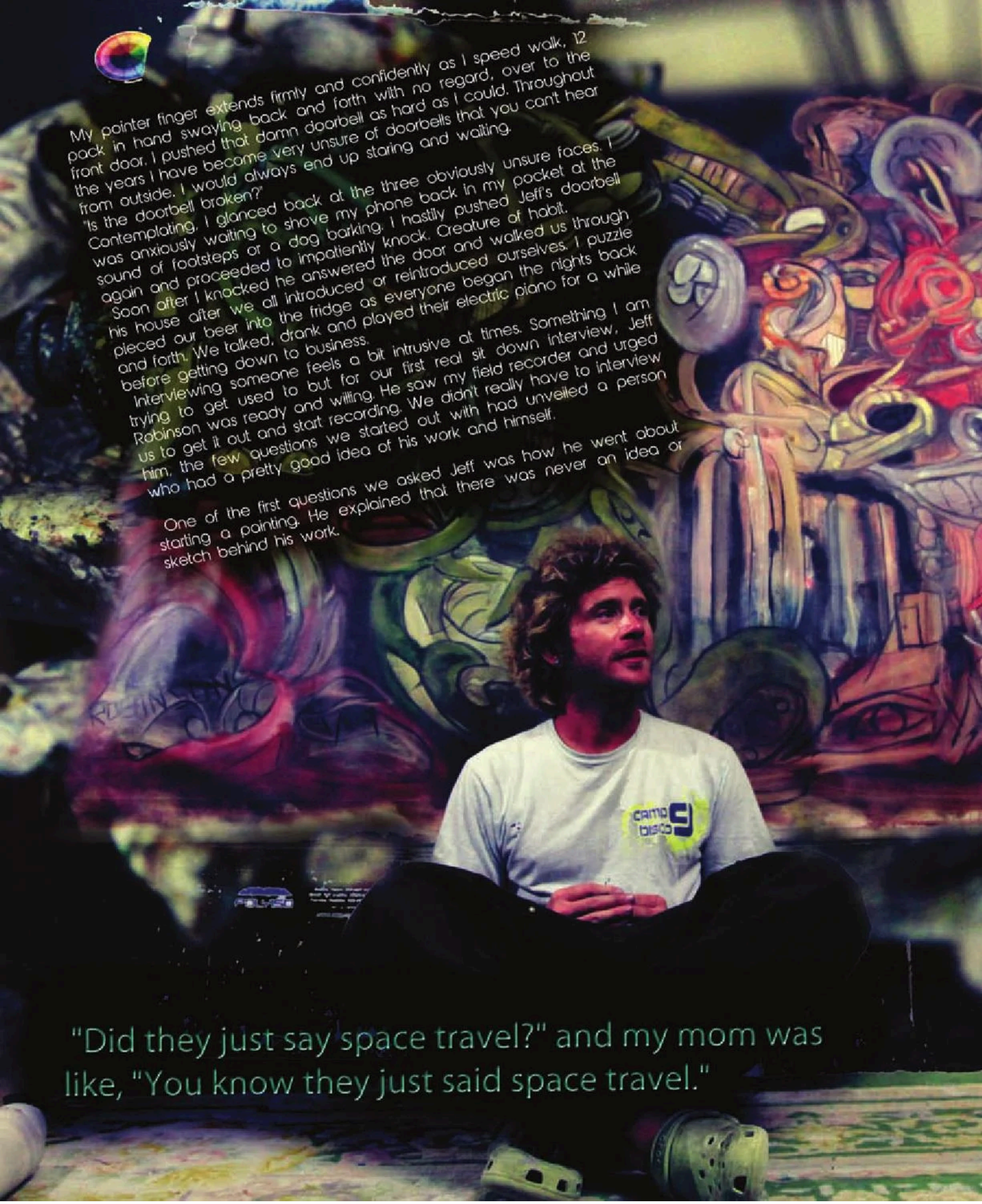
EVENTS • GA

HECONE



TREK6


Jeff
Robinson
Shitty art for shitty prices



My pointer finger extends firmly and confidently as I speed walk, 12 pack in hand swaying back and forth with no regard, over to the front door. I pushed that damn doorbell as hard as I could. Throughout the years I have become very unsure of doorbells that you can't hear from outside. I would always end up staring and waiting.

"Is the doorbell broken?"

Contemplating, I glanced back at the three obviously unsure faces. I was anxiously waiting to shove my phone back in my pocket at the sound of footsteps or a dog barking. I hastily pushed Jeff's doorbell again and proceeded to impatiently knock. Creature of habit.

Soon after I knocked he answered the door and walked us through his house after we all introduced or reintroduced ourselves. I puzzle pieced our beer into the fridge as everyone began the nights back and forth. We talked, drank and played their electric piano for a while before getting down to business.

Interviewing someone feels a bit intrusive at times. Something I am trying to get used to but for our first real sit down interview, Jeff Robinson was ready and willing. He saw my field recorder and urged us to get it out and start recording. We didn't really have to interview him, the few questions we started out with had unveiled a person who had a pretty good idea of his work and himself.

One of the first questions we asked Jeff was how he went about starting a painting. He explained that there was never an idea or sketch behind his work.

"Did they just say space travel?" and my mom was like, "You know they just said space travel."

"I like to start with color, I like to start with a new beginning every single time. Something different."

Being right handed, he'll usually start on the right side moving in and trying to create depth. But for larger paintings he doesn't hesitate to use two hands. Spending hours on a background layering colors and shapes just to wipe parts away.

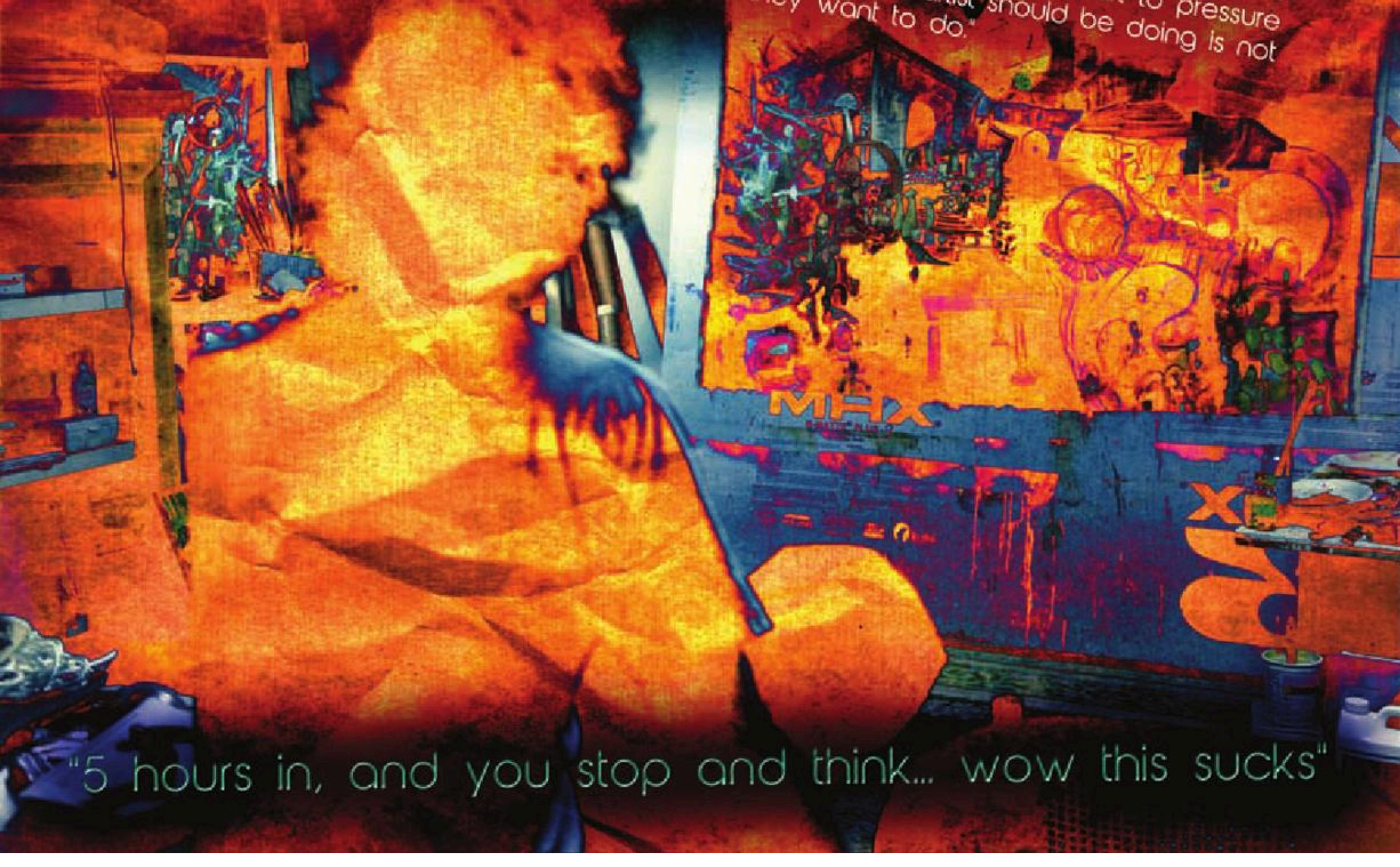
"For large paintings you have to cover the canvas with color before you can even start thinking about what you want to do. You can't stop painting, and when you do it's later in the painting, 5 hours in, and you stop and think... wow this sucks or no this looks good and I'm going to leave this area... It's definitely a battle between yourself."

A big part of his process is destruction.

"There are times where I paint for 3 hours and think, wow this sucks. So I take out a brand new rag and just wipe it all away. I paint and then push it all back so you can see what I did before. It creates a layer that is like a film."

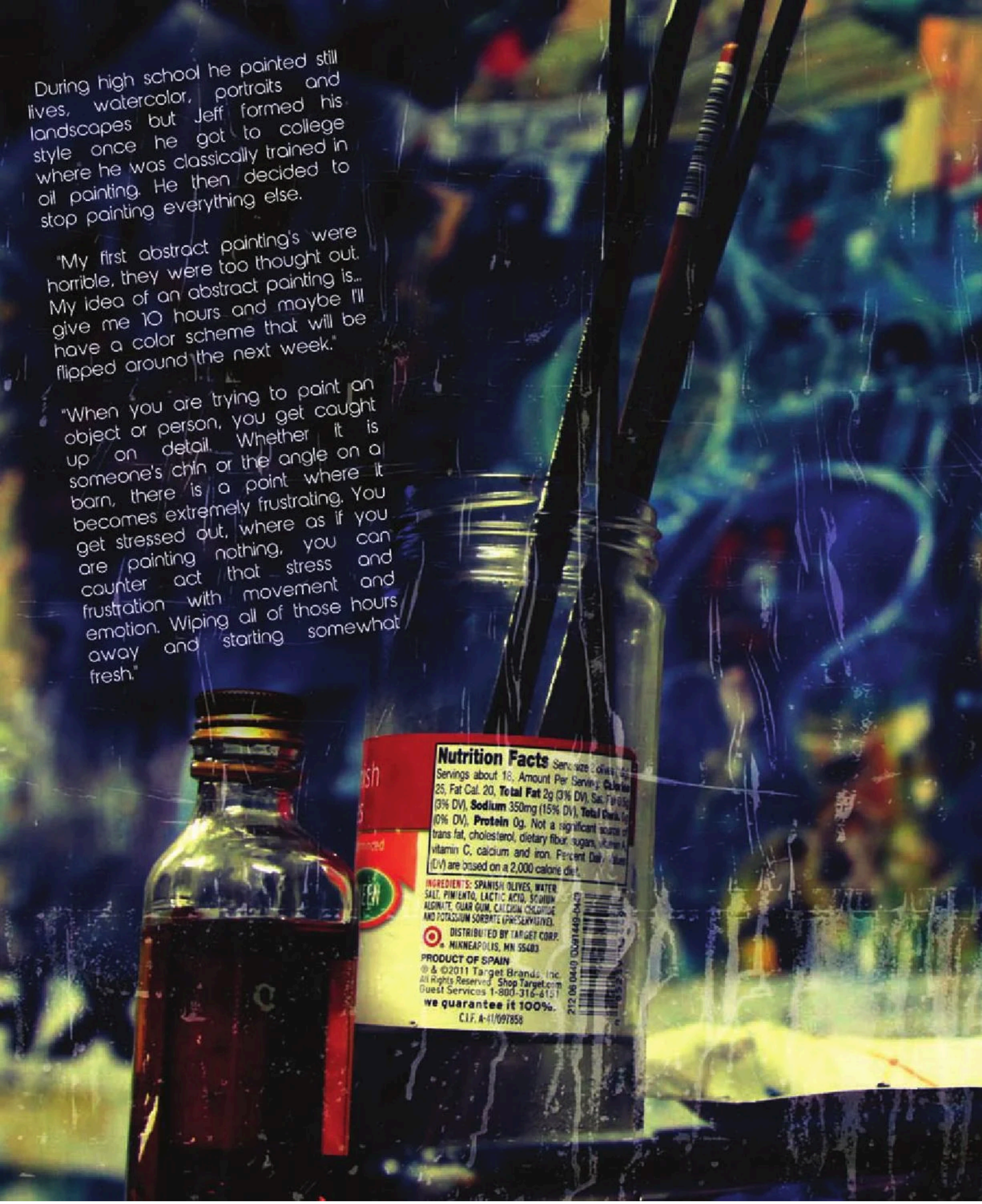
We shared the same idea that one of the hardest things about being an artist is the battle between yourself and the public. When you create art it's hard to completely forget about the audience that will inevitably look or spend money on that work. The hands that will be trading your sweat and passion for the paper comfort that we all enjoy, has a huge influence on your perception of what you are doing.

"I can paint for fun and paint for myself all I want and it wouldn't matter but once you start to think about what people will think of your paintings, it changes your own perception of it. Especially when you sell your art work, or if your job is to sell your work. You start to pressure yourself and literally think, what the fuck am I doing today. What an artist should be doing is not giving a fuck what society thinks and doing only what they want to do."



"5 hours in, and you stop and think... wow this sucks"

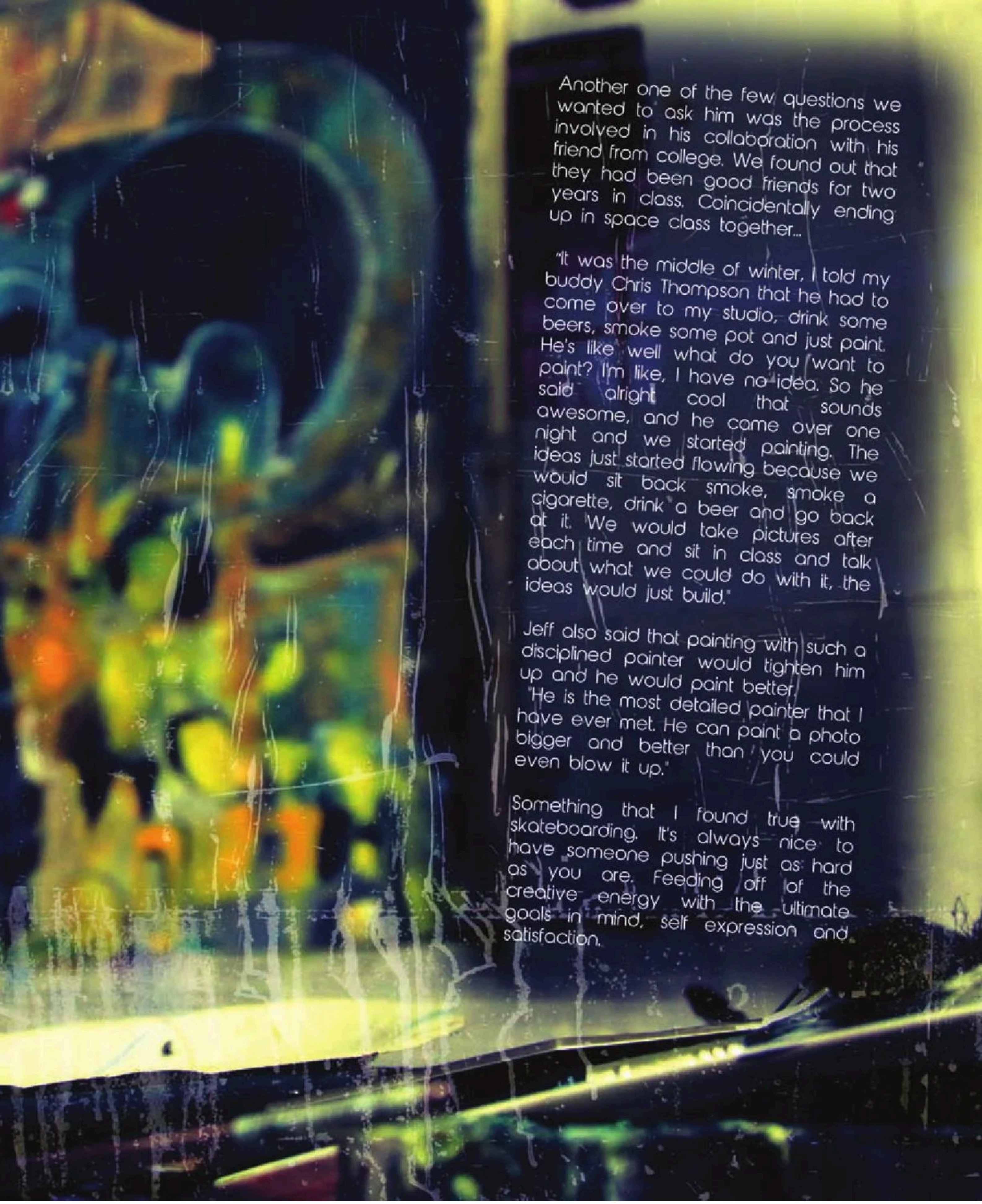
camp
disco



During high school he painted still lives, watercolor, portraits and landscapes but Jeff formed his style once he got to college where he was classically trained in oil painting. He then decided to stop painting everything else.

"My first abstract painting's were horrible, they were too thought out. My idea of an abstract painting is... give me 10 hours and maybe I'll have a color scheme that will be flipped around the next week."

"When you are trying to paint an object or person, you get caught up on detail. Whether it is someone's chin or the angle on a barn, there is a point where it becomes extremely frustrating. You get stressed out, where as if you are painting nothing, you can counter act that stress and frustration with movement and emotion. Wiping all of those hours away and starting somewhat fresh."



Another one of the few questions we wanted to ask him was the process involved in his collaboration with his friend from college. We found out that they had been good friends for two years in class. Coincidentally ending up in space class together...

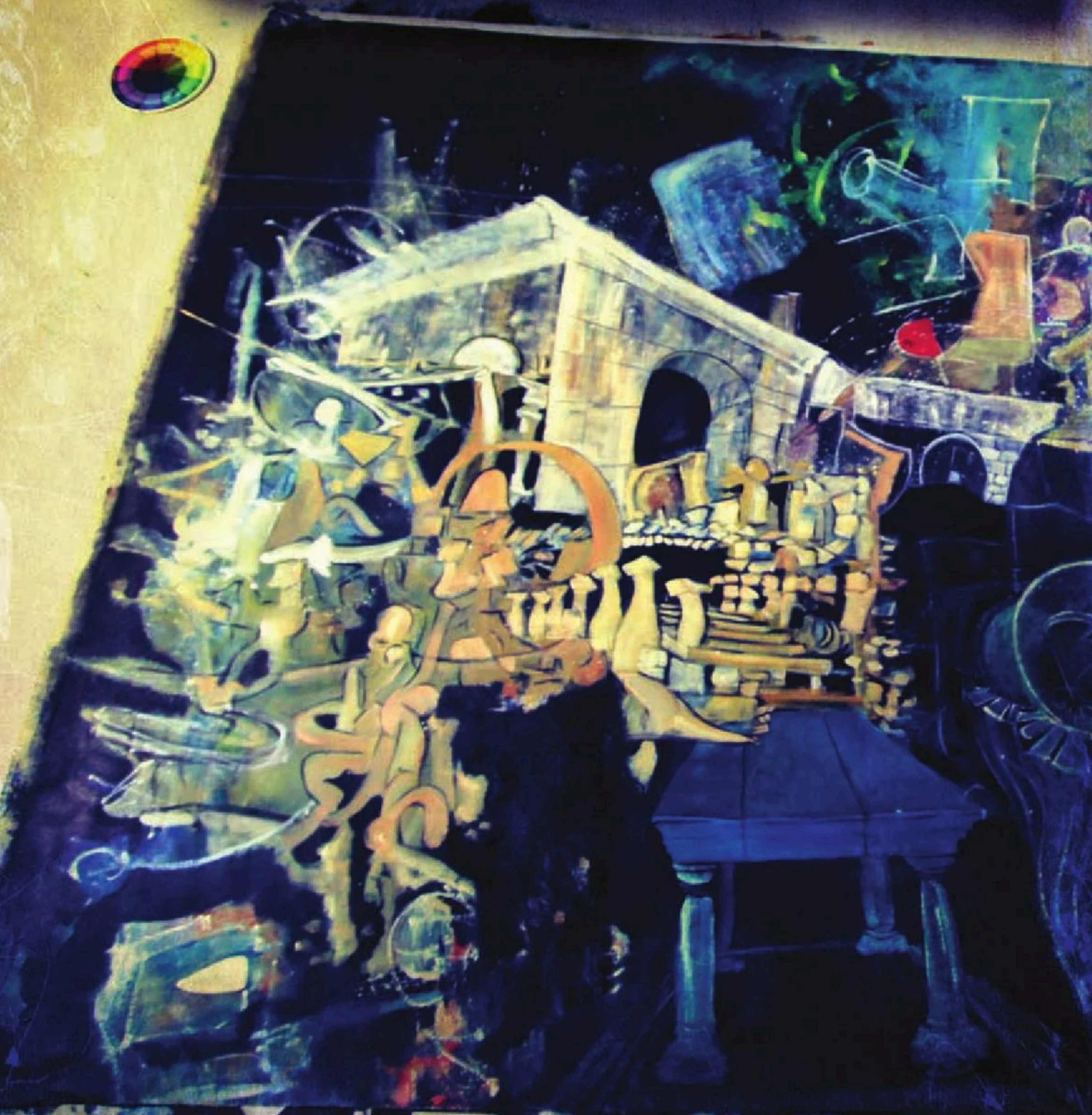
"It was the middle of winter, I told my buddy Chris Thompson that he had to come over to my studio, drink some beers, smoke some pot and just paint. He's like well what do you want to paint? I'm like, I have no idea. So he said alright cool that sounds awesome, and he came over one night and we started painting. The ideas just started flowing because we would sit back smoke, smoke a cigarette, drink a beer and go back at it. We would take pictures after each time and sit in class and talk about what we could do with it, the ideas would just build."

Jeff also said that painting with such a disciplined painter would tighten him up and he would paint better.

"He is the most detailed painter that I have ever met. He can paint a photo bigger and better than you could even blow it up."

Something that I found true with skateboarding. It's always nice to have someone pushing just as hard as you are. Feeding off of the creative energy with the ultimate goals in mind, self expression and satisfaction.

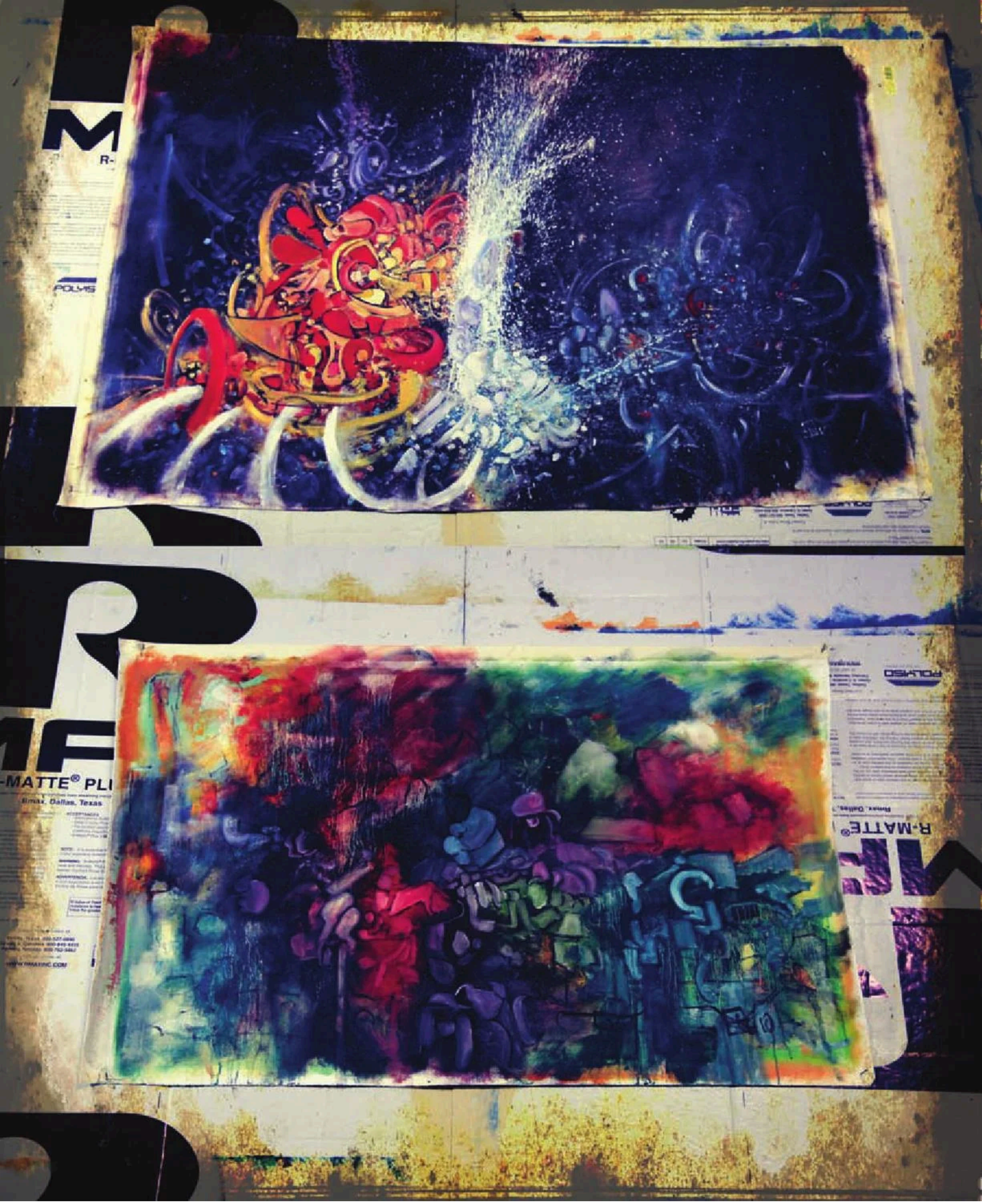
One of the things he said that I had never thought about was how helpful getting ready to paint is to the painting itself. For example when he painted with Chris Thompson, they would have to layer themselves up because it was freezing outside. The studio was not heated so they had their routine of putting on beanies, sweaters, jackets and gloves before every session. He compared it to getting ready for battle, but then concluded the idea with his pre-paint mindset.



MEX

"... its getting you into a mindset of preparing for battle when you paint, so the more you have to get ready to paint, the better your paintings get. It's more up on a pedestal. Say you have to drive somewhere to paint, you get to think about the painting on the way there, but you don't get to paint as much if it's at your house. If you have a set routine at your house where you go get coffee, come back to your house to paint.. you are leaving and thinking about it."

WarmWell
MAX


-MATTE® PL
Rmax, Dallas, Texas
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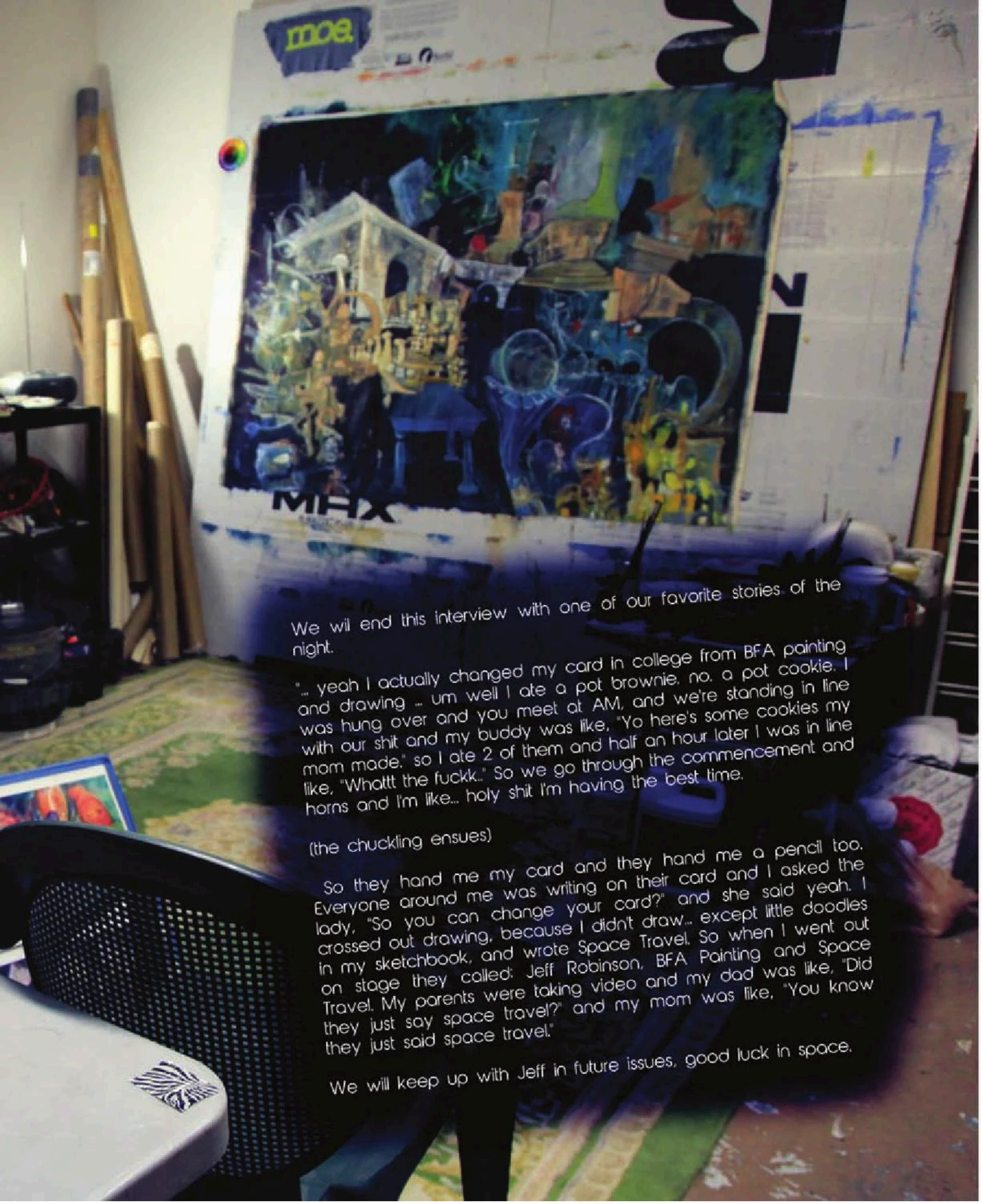
POLYIS

PRESS
POUCH

"The more you have to get ready to paint, the better your paintings get.



We wil end this interview with one of our favorite stories of the night.

".. yeah I actually changed my card in college from BFA painting and drawing .. um well I ate a pot brownie, no, a pot cookie. I was hung over and you meet at AM, and we're standing in line with our shit and my buddy was like, "Yo here's some cookies my mom made." so I ate 2 of them and half an hour later I was in line like, "Whattt the fuckk.." So we go through the commencement and horns and I'm like... holy shit I'm having the best time.

(the chuckling ensues)

So they hand me my card and they hand me a pencil too. Everyone around me was writing on their card and I asked the lady, "So you can change your card?" and she said yeah. I crossed out drawing, because I didn't draw... except little doodles in my sketchbook, and wrote Space Travel. So when I went out on stage they called: Jeff Robinson, BFA Painting and Space Travel. My parents were taking video and my dad was like, "Did they just say space travel?" and my mom was like, "You know they just said space travel."

We will keep up with Jeff in future issues, good luck in space.

We have been searching. Every single inch unearthed curved lines with little dots hovering beneath them.

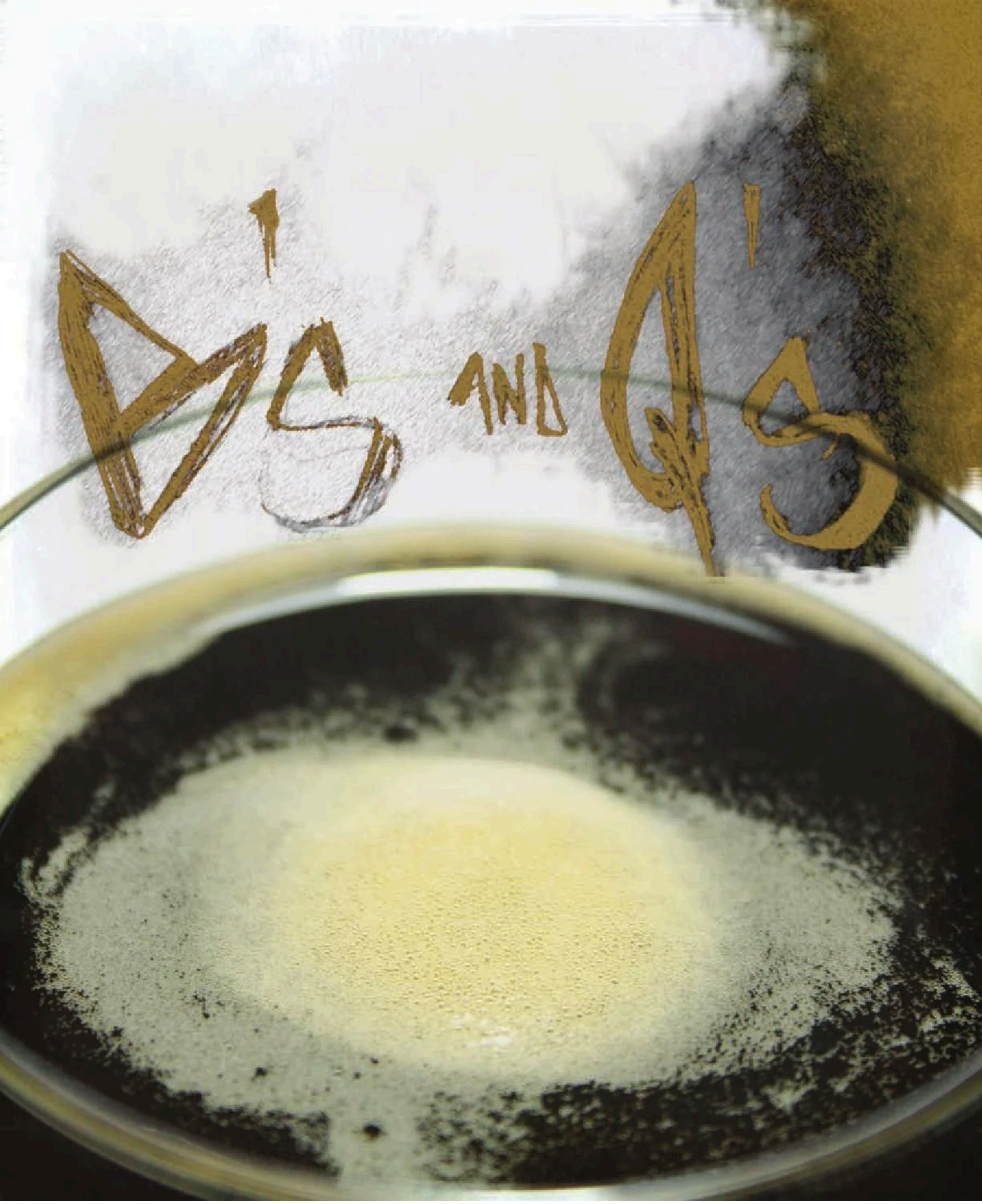
This is only what we all see.

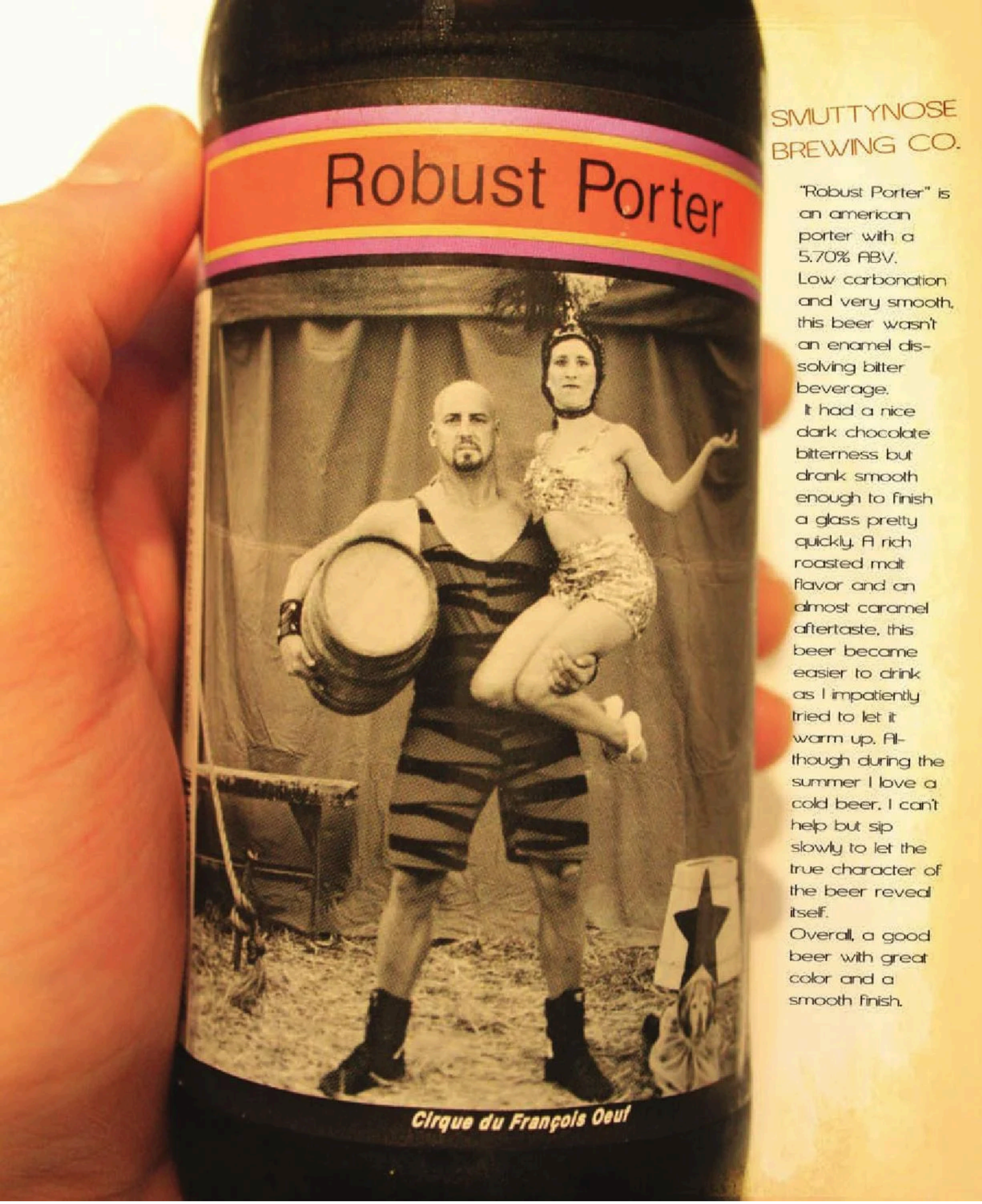
You can imagine the sound of old dead limbs cracking and crumbling under the weight of collective curiosity. If you can only feel the hot steam of dumbfounded truth that is rolling over the entire country.

Slowly it's wet, sticky plastic protective covering will seal tight. The hum of these well thought out machines will drone away our displeasure. Focusing our strengths into robotoic quick bursts of movement before our core instincts tell us to dig.

Hoards of heads and arms.

Holes dug deep.


P's and Q's



SMUTTYNOSE BREWING CO.

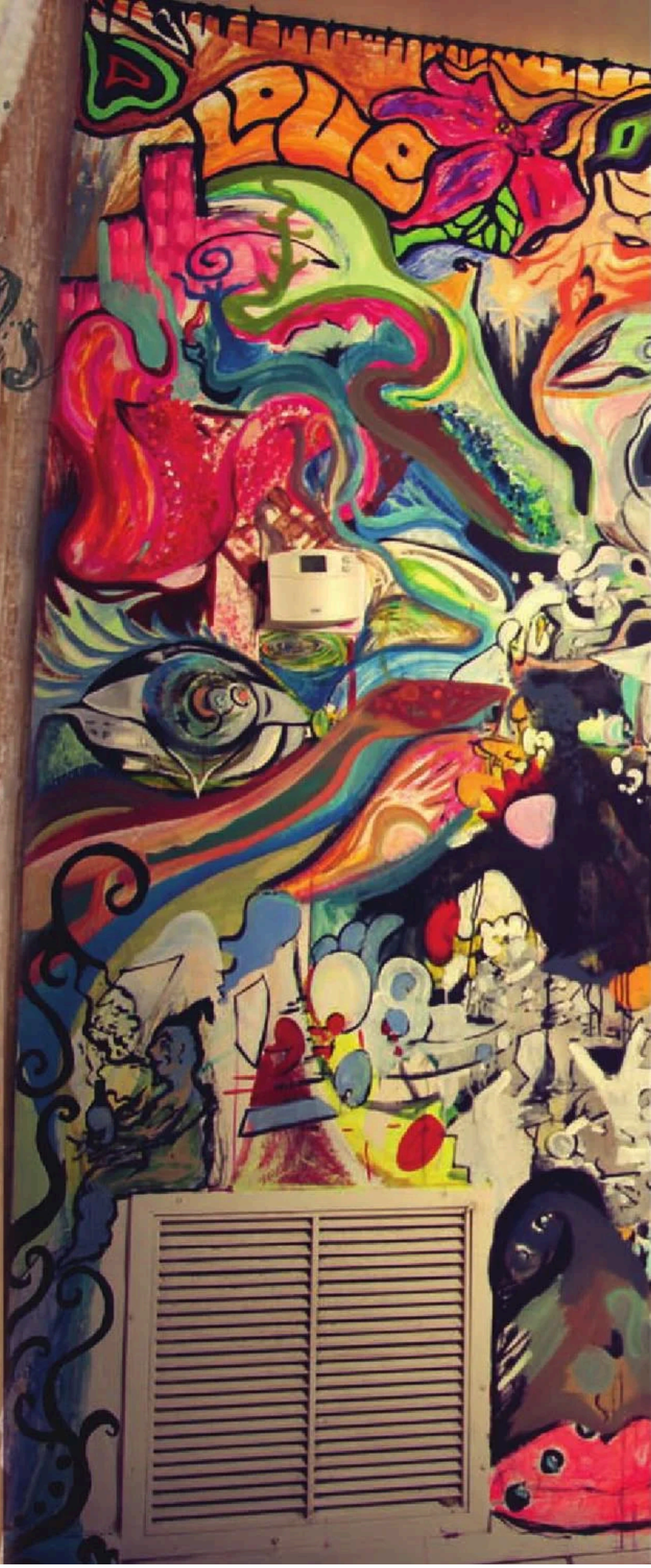
"Robust Porter" is an american porter with a 5.70% ABV. Low carbonation and very smooth, this beer wasn't an enamel dissolving bitter beverage. It had a nice dark chocolate bitterness but drank smooth enough to finish a glass pretty quickly. A rich roasted malt flavor and an almost caramel aftertaste, this beer became easier to drink as I impatiently tried to let it warm up. Although during the summer I love a cold beer, I can't help but sip slowly to let the true character of the beer reveal itself. Overall, a good beer with great color and a smooth finish.

Feed your Friends

"The Narnia of Neither ZINE"

with Autumn Swift

Luckily, we connected deeply enough with Jeff to have the pleasure of him suiting up for battle to collaborate on the wall of our photographer Courtney Rodwell's home. As you can see here it kicks ass



cancy drinks

INGREDIENTS

- Jack Daniels
- Blanded or juiced strawberries
- Mint leaves
- Soda water

DIRECTIONS

Shake Jack Daniels juiced strawberries and muddled mint leaves. Top off with soda water.

Baked Mac & Cheese

with chicken

Ingredients

8 oz box of macaroni

cook as
directed
on box

Baked Chicken Tenders

2-3 chicken breasts

3 cups milk

2 cups crushed cornflakes

1/2 cups bread crumbs

3 eggs

Cheese Sauce

4 tbsp butter
4 tbsp flour
1/2 tsp salt
1/4 tsp gound pepper
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup cream
2 cups cheese

Pre heat oven to
400
degrees

Tenderize chicken
and let soak
in a bowl with
milk.

In a sauce pan melt butter. Whisk in flour, salt and pepper.
Gradually whisk in milk and cream,
Stirring constantly, bring to a boil. Boil for 2 minutes.
Reduce heat and stir for an additional 10 minutes.
Add cheese little by little and keep stirring until cheese is melted.
In a buttered pan add macarroni and cheese sauce

Beat eggs in a bowl.
In a seperate bowl mix bread crumbs and crushed cornflakes.
Dunk your chicken in the egg and then cover with cornflake mix.
Add to the top of your mac & cheese.

Bake 20 minutes (or until chicken is done)

Wine and Thyme Salmon, and Sweet

Wine and Thyme Salmon

1 cup red wine
1 Tbsp worcestershire sauce
1 clove garlic
fresh thyme
1 lemon squeezed
salt and pepper

Cook in a covered pan with 2 tablespoons of olive oil.

10 minutes on each side.

Roasted Thyme Potatoes, Carrots

Roasted Thyme Potatoes

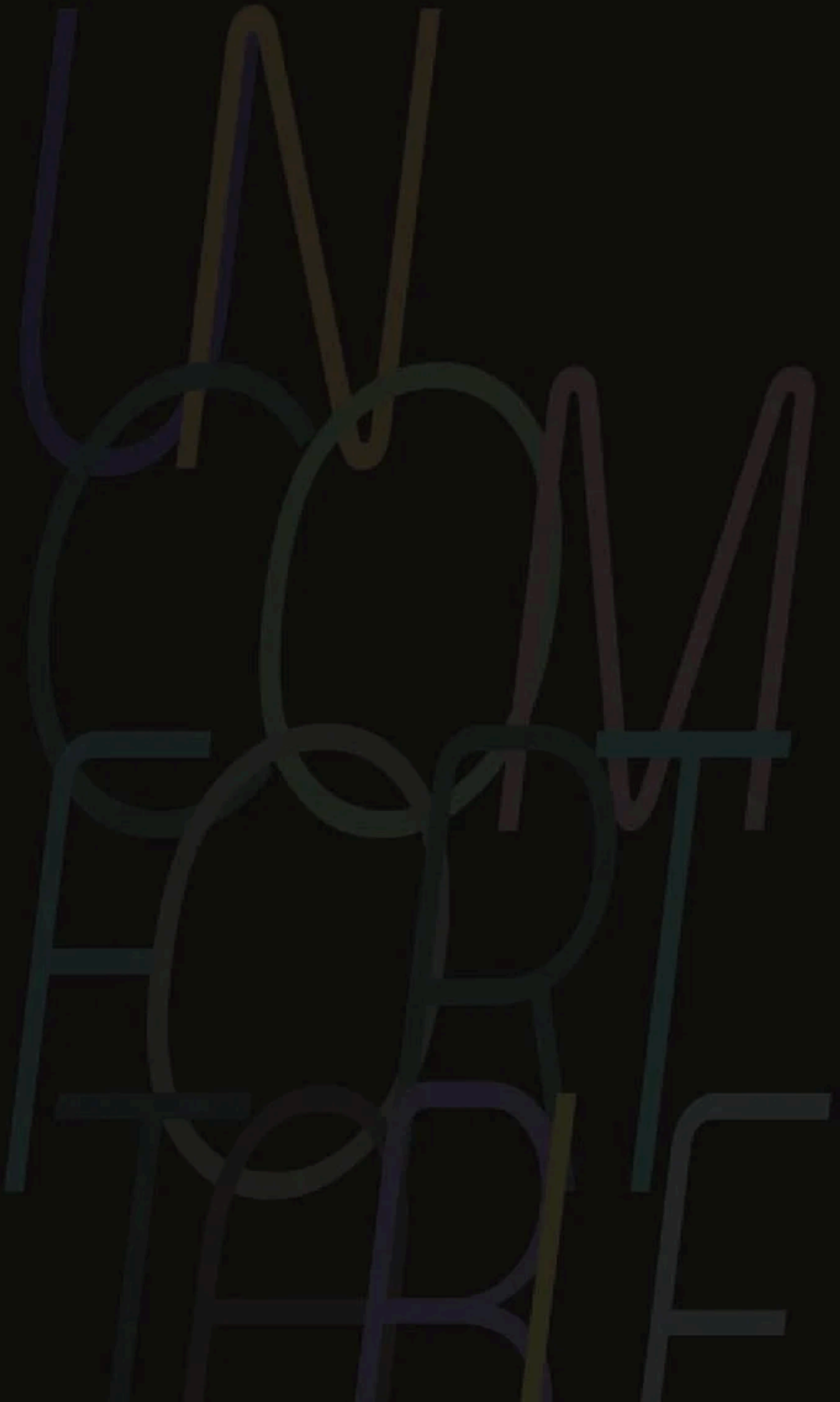
4-6 potatoes
2 tbsp olive oil
fresh thyme
salt and pepper

Pre heat oven to 400 degrees. Toss cubed potatoes in a bag with oilive oil, thyme, salt and pepper. Lay out on pan: bake 30-40 minutes.

Sweet Carrots

4 large carrots
2 tbsp butter
1/2 tbsp sugar
cinnamon to taste

Cook in a pan on medium heat until browning starts.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COM
FORT
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10/15/12

NeitherZine

PALAHNIUK
Albert Camus